

Bootleg Firecracker

Middle Kids

You know, I like it here
And it's weird when it appears
The magic in the space between us
You, me, this place we dreamed up
You go outside to feed the meter
Until I next see ya

I'll keep moving til I see you cruising in
And I am an average dancer
That's not the point that I am after
I'll be your midnight bootleg firecracker
I could blow up in your hand
It could be great or a disaster
That's the point that I am after

There's risk I guarantee
When there's skin you tend to bleed
But I'd rather be fighting a losing battle
Than to live with me and my shadow
There's always a chance on the way for a win
Even a small one

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